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Your
Happy Way

AGNESS GREENE
FOSTER



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A Path I Know

YOUR HAPPY WAY

*and Other Verse
For Occasions*

By

AGNESS GREENE FOSTER

Author of

*By The Way
A Royal Road
You and Some Others
A Net of Love, etc., etc.*



1924

THE STRATFORD CO., *Publishers*
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

FS 3511
.O68Y63
1924

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The STRATFORD CO., Publishers
Boston, Mass.

The Alpine Press, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

AUG 30 1924

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Dedication.

*It matters
not
Who wrote
this book,
If only you
will care to
look
And find
the love
Between each
line,
Placed there
for you
By thought of
mine.*

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PART I

Life and Work

How oft some printed word or line that caught the
eye, has changed the whole thought trend; and
turned to blue some sad heart's blackened sky.

Prepare tomorrow's way
By paving well today.

Your Happy Way

Your Happy Way

Do you know why you are so happy?

'Tis because your heart is true;

You have thoughts that are right toward your fellows,

And that's why your sky is so blue,

And that's why you're glad at the old year's end,

And that's why you're glad when it's new,

And that's why it is that I call you, "friend,"

I wish there were more like you.

Weaving of Life's Fabric

Wouldst have the fabric of thy life wrought in rare
and beauteous design?

Watch, then, with unceasing vigilance, the silver
shuttle of speech as it flies from the loom of
thought.

Upon the oft recurring of the golden thread of Love
depends the beauty and the splendor of life's
fabric.

Not here, not there a tiny gleam, nor yet in mon-
strous patches with yards of sombre hue between.
That life shows best whose thread of Love shines
oft and even through each day's weave.

Thine may of scarlet be—bright as the poppy's head—
yet if on closer, nearer view the warp be gold,
'Tis tempered into harmony.

Your Happy Way

Though colorless and gray the fabric seems to careless eyes,
Yet, at close range, if the gold thread of Love there gleams, 'twill warmer grow;
Or red or drab, when touched by sunlight's glow,
will melt all mingling into one.

To One alone 'twas given to weave His life in cloth of gold—All Love.

Him wouldst thou follow? Of a surety, then, constant thou must be.

Weave what thou wilt, but let there ever be
Bright scrolls of gold on silvered ground,
With here a thread of royal blue and there a purple strand.

And yet the silver shuttle's prone to slip—
Guard well thy thought, thy tongue, thy lip!

The Way

If work is not well done,
It is not done;
For there is one right way
There IS but one.

Your Happy Way

“Be”

Be what thou would'st have
All men think thou art.
If thou would'st banish fear,
Say to that inmost heart of thine,
“What rarer jewel can I keep
Within this hiding place of mine,
Than my own conscience clear?”

The Acid Test of All Work

Yes, Artists all are we, but what our models be,
Is told to dullest eye, on canvas, clay or stone,
And on our lives, in what we call our destiny;
For on the form of finished work—our thoughts
are shown.

The Masters of the ages left this one sure rule,
“Hold thought full steadfast to the good and
true,”
If thou wouldst have thy work,—it matters not what
school,—
Forever live, and beautiful in line and hue.

Then every thing we do,—both nobly grand or
small,—
Must planned be in thought, if it would aye
endure.

Your Happy Way

Wait not on muse nor hour, just answer Truth's
clear call;
But thoughts must beauteous be,—perfection to
ensure.

With gracious thoughts for models fair—oh, then
can we,
Like old Prometheus, all gladly, truly say:
“Now I could paint the bow upon God's canopy,
Around me play thoughts of divinity today!”

Growth

To James Russell Lowell

O teacher and poet, the keen unrest
Your songs awoke in an anxious breast,
Is bearing fruit, in these after years,
Of peace and joy and rest from fears.
How little we know in the early spring,
What the summer days to our hearts will bring.
'Twas then but the words our senses smote
Of beauty and feeling, when you wrote:
“ 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.”
But now, now in the forever day,
In the knowledge of God, as in sun's rays basking,
Though we still feel the art of the songs so rare
You sang,—now the meaning lies bare:
The seeds of Truth are worth the sowing
When God may be had by simply knowing.

Your Happy Way

Aim To Make All Men Contented

If I could write one line
Filled with the iron of Life;
I'd count the years well spent
Which on it I had labored
Long and late.
If to one hungry heart
Some crumbs of comfort I had sent—
Or—led him to "The Happy Gate."

The Employer

"God is the only employer,"
Said a sweet voice, I know not from where
And Work is divine expression
And Infinite Love,—recompense."

The Life Beautiful

Where there is Principle there is plenty,
Where there is industry there is success;
Where there is content there is a friend.
Where there is Life there is no end.

Naming a Masterpiece

Death cannot stay thy hand, O sculptor great!
There is but one almighty power that can
Create (not cause to cease); and thou in it
Shalt live alway to carve on stone or heart

Your Happy Way

Some other, greater work of art. Hence do
I name thy masterpiece—(expression of
The spark divine in thee) — not “Fate” — not
“Death”—

But “Life.” What could it other be? Since naught
Thy Sculptor made can crumble or decay;
For thou wast fashioned after model true.
Now thy strong thought which wrought it into stone,
Still lives and works and loves in endless Life.

The figure on the Adams Monument, Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington, D. C., has been variously interpreted, although Saint-Gaudens gave no name to it.—C. Lewis Hind.

The Painting of Life's Day

Wouldst have each day like gleam of color bright,
Whilst filling in the outlines of a life?
Then never from the canvas turn away
When shadows only seem to darken all
'Round fancy's sight. O search for the true light;
Nor wait to wish for subtler shades to-day.
Couldst better blend the tint of yon blue sky,
By wondering why thou canst not with one stroke
Paint bow that glows on heaven's ethereal arch?
Yet all unlike Prometheus rash,—thou mayst,—
(As one who hath dominion,) learn to catch
Rare hues of great divinity, and thus
Create what's right for thee to think or paint.
'Twas ever thus with tasks that seem less great;

Your Happy Way

The larger thoughts ne'er come to those who wait
To count what they call failures, o'er and o'er,
For we are told that even shadows gray,
Looked at in light, make life's dull canvas bright.
Then waste not precious hours in useless dreams
When every second may be put to gain.

All

The strength of the strong
 is Love,
The righting of wrong
 is Love;
The good that we give
 is Love,
The Life that we live
 is Love.
The measure of time
 is Love,
The height that we climb
 is Love;
The way we must trod
 is Love,
The Soul which is God
 is Love.

Your Happy Way

Castles in the Air

Would you have your castles
Filled with Light?
Build them very high.
Would you have them keep your
Thoughts aright?
They must reach the sky.
Would you have your castles
Shut out fear?
Build them very strong.
Would you have your castles
With Truth clear?
They must hold no wrong.
Would you have them temples
Fair to see?
Guard them from above.
Then a mighty stronghold
They will be,
Buildèd thus on Love.

Naming a Monument

Oh, wondrous work of man, (whom God designed) :
For there's but one almighty power that can
Create such noble thoughts, expressed in lines
Divinely fair—like yonder masterpiece ;
And thus have wrought in iron and in our hearts
Remembrance of your valorous sons, who gave

Your Happy Way

Their precious lives to wipe from the proud brow
Of this dear native land of ours—a blot
And freedom gave to her; a freedom which
Must e'er defended be by you Oh, sons,
Of these so noble sires; a freedom from
A subtler slavery. Now after half
A century she calls again to prove
Our loyalty and bravery. Why bow
With an uncovered head before these names,
If we respond not to our country's call,
And flaunt our fear instead of fealty?

* * * * *

Upon yon scroll's the name of a young lad,—
A drummer boy—scarce twenty years of age—
Who marched close by the bearer of their flag;
And when his friend sore wounded fell to earth,
He held aloft those sacred stars and stripes
And led his comrades on to victory!
Both lived to see their blessed country free.
Dear God, has stuff like that gone out of vogue?
I hear ten thousand voices answer “No!
We'll help our home land, when she calls to arms,
To fight for freedom and humanity!”

* * * * *

Therefore, I name thee—Oh, thou beaut'ous pile,—
So like, in strength, the warriors thou recall,
Not monument commemorating death,
But one of Love—of Liberty—of Life!

Your Happy Way

Yes, "Life" I name thee, since those soldier-boys
Still live; for deeds like theirs can never die!
And this is why full fifty years roll by
And they, within our hearts—still loved—live on!

Build Me a Cot

Build me a cot in some quiet glade,
Away from the mortal thought:
Where I may—in the silence—think
Of things with all beauty fraught.

Every thought

With beauty fraught.

Thoughts that will bring to some lonely heart
Gladness and joy's sweet ring,
Where I may list to the lark's free note
Or rest whilst my brothers sing.

Gladness bring

Whilst others sing.

Build it so simple that none may seem
To seek it for worldly quest:
But if they enter by chance some day
May the peace there found lull their hearts to rest

In my nest

All is rest.

Your Happy Way

“La Verité”

Not anything is insignificant
Not anything that lives, nor that has grown
Out of the earth—nor yet by sea winds blown
Upon the shore from out a tideless sea.
E'en the dark cloud on the horizon aslant
Proves some Almighty Power behind the wind
And underneath the seeming solid sod
All things have much not seen that is of worth.
In every seed and blade of grass is mind—
Unfailing proof of a Perfection fine,—
An all pervading something that's divine
This touch of the Eternal Presence makes
All things—tree, flower, meadow, stream and man
Acknowledgement by demonstration bring.

“And Above All — Stand”

Who leans upon another warps his strength,
Like him who stops to count the golden sands
In vain endeavor thus to reach some goal;
And from the hours or brothers makes demands.
He robs himself of birthright and of Soul
And makes him weak who should be wholly grand.
For he who reaches best the highest mark—
Upon his own and noblest strength must stand.

Your Happy Way

Get Busy

(With respectful apologies to Mr. Benjamin Franklin)

'Tis the birds that sit,
Who are always hit;
For the birds on the wing,
Soar aloft while they sing.

If the Shoe Pinches — Don't Fuss

Ingrowing nerves
Are like nails of that sort,
And the cure is the same for each kind;
Accept only what fits,
And then if it hurts
Take it off of both feet *and the mind*.

Don't Let Your Head Be Turned

No matter what you do,
Nor what "they say,"
Keep your face this way;
It matters not how great you grow
Nor fine your stunt,
Wear your face in front.

Your Happy Way

Harvest

If your life is a starved one,
Don't tell it,
Get after the thoughts you sow;
For your reaping will be
What YOU make it,
A harvest of joy or of woe.

Just Now

Never mind about tomorrow
It always is today;
Yesterday is beyond recall
Endeavor as we may.

Each minute must be guarded,
Made worth the while somehow;
There are no other moments,
It always is: JUST NOW.

Just now is the hour that's golden,
The moment to defend.
Just now, is without beginning;
Just now, can never end.

Then never mind tomorrow
'Tis today you must endow
With all that's true and noble
And the time for this is NOW.

PART II

Friendship

There is a subtle something which draws together and which binds two human hearts as one; Call it what you will—the name means nothing unless truth and loyalty form the beginning and the end and the part between these twain.

Your Happy Way

The Heaven Within

I asked an angel what the world could send
To heaven that would be in tune and fair,
Swift came the answer on the calm, clear air:
“Oh, mortal, send earth’s rarest gem, a friend.”

* * * * *

My heart’s at rest,—my search for heaven doth end,
I have it now within, for you’re my friend.

To Friendship

Friendship is so rare a thing,
I’m loath to bid you pledge yourselves with me,
Lest I might fail mine own high ideal of it.
Perhaps no word is so misused,
For few have learned to think
In friendship’s tongue.
Our greatest fault,—’tis so in every clime,—
We seek the thing, not try to *be* it.
In other words, it is the vogue,—
This wild mad search for one to love us;
Instead of earning love by selfless giving.
The truest way, the only way, indeed,
To have a friend, then, is to be one.
Just love! Love something, some one,

Your Happy Way

And friends will flock
Like snow-birds to the window ledge
Where lies the crumb.
Young men and maidens, let me pray
You so to live that at a future day
Some friend may truly of you say :
“Infinitely better
Than all the gold of Orient,
Or costly gem of deepest mine,
Is the warm heart glow that came to me
From those staunch, loyal words of thine.”
Or, if gift of friendship comes your way,
Then you’ll be able thus to say :
“Of all the gifts of all the years,
None ever cause such smiles, such tears
As thy friendship—friend ;
The eye grows bright, the heart leaps fast,
To know thy love and friendship last
Without an end.
It ne’er began, it never ends,
We always were and will be friends
Throughout eternity.
E’en when we pass to other clime
I’ll understand, sweet friend of mine,
Your loving loyalty.”

Your Happy Way

Pledge me to-night, friends staunch to be,
There is no greater fealty;
Rich is that life and wide its fame,
Which through all time *one* friend can claim,
One friend who meriteth the name!

“You”

What is this “You” I love so well
Whose face and form forever dwell
Within my heart?
Is it the face that makes you “You,”
With smiles that thrill me through and through
Though we’re apart?

Or is’t the form which comes to view,
That seems so much a part of you
I love so dear?
Ah, no! Were both some other thing,
Still if to me your heart ’twould bring,
O never fear —

I’d know it well; since all that’s best,
And sweet and pure, that in you rest,
Is mind above.
For when God thought of something true,
His angels came straightway to you —
The “You” I love.

Your Happy Way

Question

I've seen you seldom, spoken to you less,
Yet oft you come in fancy's guise
My musing hour to bless.

Is it because, perchance, of me you think
That the vast space between us is thus spanned
And formed is friendship's link?
Naught can obstruct the growth of thoughts we sow,
Nor distance place a barrier to time;
So let us rest, some day—somewhere we'll know
What makes a friend.

Answer

I must have known you in some other Life
Before th' incomprehensible dense maze
Of infant years closed down upon us twain
Through which but those who understand can gaze.
It is this sense of some relation past
This surety of something without end
This calm sweet atmosphere which you pervades—
'Tis this alone which marks the perfect friend.

Lines to a Beautiful Woman

'Tis said, somewhere dear heart of me,
"As a man thinketh so is he."
How exquisite thy thoughts must be
Could'st teach me how to think like thee?

Your Happy Way

The Net of Love

That net of love is strong indeed,
Which has drawn within its silken mesh,
One friendship, keeping it constant and
Content, without tying the ends.

Your Friendship

Your friendship is my treasure-trove,
It keeps me kind and true,
I better work, and sing, and play,
Because God sent me—you.

To an Understanding Friend

What joy and gratitude should be your song,
For kindly services along the way;
You send but golden rays of cheer—
Nor mind the cloudy day.

Life would be blank without you, dear,
Without your smile, or kindly word you send;
Your thought makes bright the darkest hour,
My dear—*my understanding*—friend.

Your Happy Way

Friendship

Of all the wondrous gifts of God,
None he would ever send could be
More rare, more passing sweet,
Than is thy friendship—Friend.

Friendship

Of all the beauteous jewels,
Friendship's the rarest, I hold;
For 'tis cut by the hand of an angel,
And set in the purest of gold.

Friendship

Thou canst read,
By searching thine own heart,
How deep in the depths of mine,
Have been stored all the thoughts of kindness,
That came from the depths of thine.

Your Happy Way

Love Is Best

You may have gifts of rare design,
But they can never equal mine;
You may have gems and gold—and books
And songs and flowers from secret nooks:
But none of these can e'er outlive,
The wondrous love to you I give.

The Ennobling Power of Friendship

When fancy brought you to my thought,
There fell from me all worldly care;
Then I,—in happy spirit,—sent
Far out across the miles, a prayer:
A prayer of thankfulness and love,
A prayer that friendship such as yours
Might grow 'in every heart, above
All other passions, and endure
“Till man shall know that God is Love.”

The Garden of My Heart

My garden is my inmost heart. Above
Floats Friendship like a perfume o'er each plot;
'Tis watered by that pleasant fountain, Love,
Near whose cool splash, when e'er the day is hot,
I rest. My pergola is hid in shade.
From out this bower I send rare buds to you,

Your Happy Way

And if you let them bloom *they'll never fade*,—
These blossoms bright, of varied form and hue,—
So subtle is their fragrance and their charm
Commingled with their emblematic scheme,
They'll waft me you-ward, causing no alarm,
Whilst you will fancy it is but a dream.
Can you divine, my friend, the reason why?
These flowers I send are thoughts—they cannot die.

Bon Voyage

Although I know God blesses all
His children here, both great and small,
It helps to banish human fear,
To say to you — “God bless you, dear.”

And so I call across the sea, —
Which cannot separate from me
The Love that keeps us ever near, —
God bless you, dear, God bless you, dear.

And as the miles between have grown
I feel your warm hand clasp my own;
Nor miles nor moments can efface
The love that doth us both embrace.

Across the mountain peak of snow,
And great divide, as on I go,
I hear your voice call strong and clear,
“God bless you, dear, God bless you, dear.”

Your Happy Way

What Human Love May Do

O scoffers of this thought divine,
If you but knew the seeds that fall
From what seems love of sentiment,
But which grows Love that's all in all, —
You'd scatter them both far and wide,
Nor be surprised, when lo, you'd find
The dear old world is not half bad,
And all your friends have grown more kind!

Keep Love Bright

On life's clear page,
Oh, each day write
Some golden word
To keep love bright;
And the book ne'er close.

A Heart Song

There's a song in my heart,
Sent from heaven a sign;
That God forms the friends,
And sent you for mine.

Your Happy Way

Loyalty

The Chinese have a maxim, I have heard;
"Friends are o'er rare,
Acquaintances o'er many."
Alas, 'tis true,
How many, think you can you count
Who'd go to jail with you,
And know, and say that you were innocent
Of that for which you'd been accused?
How many men or women can you name,
For whom, with gladness, you would do the same?
Full well I know you think you'd do so now,
The hour's heroic
But few there be whose high ideals
Stand friendship's test.
O, that we all might win our spurs
If asked to pledge, like knights of old,
Our constancy;
That day would shine, as golden born
In history.
Dear reader fair and strong and brave,
Come vie with me!
And swear that never more you'll stand
To hear one word of aught save good
'Gainst any man.
It matters not how true it seems
Pause not to listen to black doubt;
Raise high your banner white and blue—

Your Happy Way

Symbol of friendship pure and true—
And by your look, your word, your manner,
(Upon my faith you'll never rue it,)
Fling back the lie, and make them chew it.
Then watch the gossip, mark his lack of friends,
Dost know of aught his thought attends
Save slander?
Not so with those he would decry,
You'll doubtless find their thoughts too high,
Their motives grander;
Than to descend his idle words to comprehend,
Or e'en to try.
Soon he's forgot;
But their high trend, incentive gives
To follow one, fine brave young King.
Who bade His knights, judge not,
He said: "Judge ye not anything."
Shake not the head,
It can be done;
Proved's been the rule,
Like sum in Euclid,
In life's stern school.
If one such friend as this be found,
O, guard his weal;
For by your loyalty and truth to him,
Your higher, nobler self you will reveal.

PART III

Miscellaneous

As you pass along with the hurrying throng,
Through the piney woods or the gay highway;
May your heart beat strong with the great glad song,
That fills mine for all mankind this day.

Your Happy Way

Abraham Lincoln

(February twelfth)

God loved us in His own almighty way
And changed that twelfth night to prophetic day
By sending us this babe.

For whilst we know God gives us every one
They do not all keep faces toward the sun
As did this splendid lad.

It mattered not to him how dark might seem
The hour; he knew it shone—not all a dream—
A glow somewhere for him.

There is no record of his asking why
It never shed some rays from leaden sky
Upon his manhood way.

But like the Abraham of olden time,
He proved him worthy of his name sublime
As bravely he worked on.

And not for self did he his prowess lend,
'Twas ever gladly given for some friend,
If found less fortunate.

He had the gift of silvern speech—and more—
His silence brought the nation to implore
His lofty leadership.

Your Happy Way

He served his country well—'tis proven now—
He helped to wipe the blot from her fair brow,
And freedom gave to her!

* * * * *

He is not dead! He lives and seeks to free
Your loving hearts from subtle slavery—
Dear loyal country-men.

He lives! For naught his Master made can die
And this is why a hundred years roll by
And he, still loved, lives on.

My Brown Thrasher

(Ioxostoma rufum)

Aloft toward high and vaulted heavens blue,
My Thrasher poised, and by some sorcery
Sends forth from out his won'drous golden throat,
A flood of sparkling liquid melody.

At twilight hour with rapture most divine,
As if to cool, with song, the sultry day;
He comes to soothe my sad and weary heart,
With showers of trills that fill his roundelay.

Nor song of Lark, nor Thrush, nor Nightingale,
Can with his matchless aria compare;
For Music bared her secrets all to him,
And he confides them to th' empyr'al air.

Your Happy Way

A Path I Know

There is a path I know it leads to heaven;

Why smile?

Come bide the while,

Remember "heaven" means "home"

Where work and play and love beguile

The happy hours

For her and for me.

'Twas dense and dark till we the clearing reached

For doom

We left no room,

We triumphed o'er the forest gloom,

We battled through with sad, tired hearts

And feet and hands.

She worked as did I.

Now lined with gold is this dear path I know,

And green.

Hast even seen,

Border of Marigolds with yellow chicks between?

No? Ah—without all these heaven

Were no heaven

To her and to me.

Your Happy Way

Service

Lines written by request and read at a banquet given to a pastor who was married on the same day on which he began his pastorate and which he held in the same church for fifty years.

Oh years of loyal service,
Blest years of Love and Truth;
Years in the Master's vineyard,
Years of your fearless youth.

With happy hearts you started,
Full of love for Man and God.
You climbed life's hill together,
Now slowly down you plod.

With Love and Truth your watchword,
The Shepherd's flocks you guide—
How oft you might have faltered
Had you not been side by side.

How dark the road grew ofttimes,
The clearing *seemed* o'er far,
But how bright the morning's sunlight
When you followed Bethlehem's Star!

* * * *

And still together, now you start
Adown the hill that was so steep,
And "*holding back*" seems quite as hard,—
As the upward climb,—to keep.

Your Happy Way

All this is why we love you both,
And pray for many more
Of your strong, helpful guiding years
On this terrestrial shore.

For there's marked on every mile-stone
The lessons you have taught,
Of love—of truth, of kindliness,
And of the blessings of right thought.

God keep you both together
Here, to answer if we call;
God smile on you and bless you,
As you have blessed us all.

America

O, Hail to thee, my blessed land!
A goddess with a lavish hand
Flings flowers and fruits from peak to strand,
On thee, thrice blest America!
Hail! Hail! to thee, Land of the Free
Dear land of Truth and Loyalty!
The land of health, of worth, of wealth,
Is our dear land—America!

Your Happy Way

O, Hail to thee and thy vast bound,
Nowhere the laden world around
Such riches as thine own are found
In thee, dear loved America!
Thou art the queen of golden lore,
Thy children's pride forever more!
Thou art the victor, as of yore,
O, glorious land—America!

Thy daughters and thy sons are true,
Their thoughts are right as skies are blue;
That's why they bring all men to you,
Thou best beloved—America!
Thy dauntless march all nations greet.
They bow before thy progress fleet;
Thou'rt worthy of their homage sweet,
All hail to thee—America!

Hail! Hail to thee, Land of the Free,
Dear land of Truth and Loyalty!
The land of health, of worth, of wealth,
Is our dear land—America!

Do Not Complain

Oh, do not complain at the way the flower grows:
Forget the sharp thorns just remember the rose.

Your Happy Way

Symbols

Sun is symbolic of God.
Trees of His mighty power;
Grass of His tender care,
But His love is shown in a flower.

September

Oh blessed month, I love thee best,
Symbol of Plenty, of Love and of Rest

The Eyes of a Child

O eyes of childhood, innocent and pure,
True emblem of the spirit light divine;
No human thought can ever you outshine,
Because Eternal Love shall e'er endure.
Frail error wields no power you to allure
Divinely fair, from infinite design,
False time can change you not, nor make repine;
With constant lustre there—Truth shines secure.
Naught can e'er change Perfection's mighty plan;
Years cannot fade yon heaven's perfect blue—
Nor marble change without the sculptor's hand.

Abide in Light, which nothing dims nor can;
Brave, tender eyes deny what is untrue,
For God designed you—perfect shall ye stand.

Your Happy Way

To My Beautiful Great Dane Margravine

I oft recall your happy way,
My Margravine,
Your low sweet whine when you were glad—
(’Twas not so soft when you were sad)—
Dear Margravine.

The gracious giving of your hand,
Kind Margravine
When you were anxious to attract
Attention from some trivial act
Of Margravine!

Upon your throne you held full sway,
Queen Margravine—
And how you conquered every heart,
With beauty and with well-bred art,
Fair Margravine.

How proud am I that you are mine,
Kind Margravine;
How my heart aches when e’er I roam,
But glows at your wild welcome home,
Loved Margravine.

Pansies

Would you know the thoughts that the pansies signify?
Come to my garden where in sweet content they lie;
Their upturned faces tell of love and truth,
Spring’s happy message of eternal youth.

Your Happy Way

October

Sweet month of fulfillment,
When Earth and Heaven send
Proofs of rare values,
In harvest and friend.

Lines on Travel and Places

Ah me, ah me, that I should be
So torn by my inconstancy;
I fain would go—I tarry so,
But see the world, I must—heigh-ho.

Greece

Come, come with me to the Isles of Greece,
And on o'er the seas to its golden shore;
Pause not till you reach Athenia's crown,
Then mount to the heaven domed Parthenon.
Its glories will feed your musing hours,
When fame has dwindled to cheap renown.

Athens

Full many a bard of thy strong walls has sung,
Full many a hand has sketched thy fair outline;
But none can sing nor paint all that thou art,
To longing, loving, simple hearts like mine.

Your Happy Way

An Invitation

We have built a "Lean-to" to the old farm house,
At a turn of the Green Bay Road;
Where, when the summer day is hot
Come seek our simple abode.

You will find us nestled among the pines,
Our latch-string will meet you far down the lane;
You must fancy the stubble and brush and clay
To be shrubbery and garden we hope to attain.

We can promise you naught but quiet calm,
Away from the city's noise and strife;
Come when your heart craves needful rest,
And share with us our peaceful life.

PART IV

Lines of Comfort

Judge not—I hear my Master say,
Judge Ye not anything today.

Your Happy Way

Woman

First to admit thy fault,—mother of Christ, The
Truth;
First at the sepulcher, and at the cross—the last;
First the disguise from serpent's lie, then to unmask.

Right Thought

Growth never comes in the cold, bleak winter,
To tender sapling nor towering tree;
Spring finds it where the autumn winds left it,
And thus it was ever with you and with me.
The spirit heights that we climb in life's summer
Can never be lessened though men say we die;
Thus we will be at the next season's turning,
For where the tree falleth, there shall it lie.
To understand life makes man immortal,
For as a man thinketh so shall he be;
Think right then alway, today, tomorrow,
And right shall be thine through eternity.

Unformed Thoughts

“God tenderly gathers the unformed thoughts”
And makes of them flowers, we are told;
He opens the petals their hearts to disclose—
The perfume bursts forth on earth to remain
Whilst they all new beauties unfold.

Your Happy Way

The half-open buds are symbolic
Of Springtime's happy zeal—
Of the lessons of life we are learning;
If the opening petals reveal
Hearts that are golden and perfect—
Their odor and color exhale
A fragrance and glow, that's reflected
On life as on sun-kissed vale.

Your Father's Hand

When tempted to turn from the things you must
meet,
Just reach for your Father's hand;
Meet Him first every day
And close to Him stay,
Very soon you will find
How smooth is the way,
How simple and kind His command.

What's the Use?

O mortal man, who is it judging thee?
And what is it, receiving judgment pray?
'Tis but, in truth, a bit of earthly dust
That's passing judgment on a piece of clay.

Your Happy Way

Just Try It Again and Yet Again

When worldly thoughts knock at the door,
Of my poor human heart, I say;
“Not here, thou false alluring one,
Thou canst not enter here today.”

Right Desire Is Prayer

It signifieth little
What words we use in prayer,
Or what our outward attitude,
Or why we pray or where;
It signifieth greatly
If our desires are right;
They're known before we utter them
By Omnipresent Might.

Life

Thank God, in sorrow, you're not unbelieving,
For in all things you're ever strong and true;
You do not forget, when you are grieving,
That all God's promises were made for you.

It is for you—for—Truth is true!
He has told you, oh, times without number,
There is no death! Life is for you.
He is not dead, he only seems to slumber.

Your Happy Way

The dust you laid away is not God's likeness,
He's still His image, nor can ever be
Aught but His child. This tho't will bring new
 gladness
To your heart, if you'll but try to see.

He knows now there is no grave, no changing;
And if you turn away from sorrow's strife
You'll understand there can be no deranging
Of God's Great Plan, which is Unending Life.

Just Know

How shall I overcome the fear
That all's not well with those most dear,
When tempests rage and wild winds blow?
How shall I know? How shall I know?

Just know no harm comes anywhere,
For all are in God's loving care.
These are the thought seeds we must sow,
If we would know. If we would know.

Just know God's promise never fails,—
It matters not how fear assails,
Yet we can pray and, praying, grow;
Then we shall know. Then we shall know.

Your Happy Way

Omnia

An angel said—in a dream of mine
There's nothing real that is not divine!
Then I asked him to tell me what was true
Of men and of things in and out of view;
Of the sky, the sea and the mighty rock,
Of thunder and storm and the lightning shock?
His answer strange had a ring that was true
“There is no me,”—said he—“no you;
There's nothing real here neither man nor stone
There's nothing real but God, just God alone!”

Just Think

No time to read?
No time to pray?
Yet time to smile?
You've time to eat,
You've time to drink,
You've time to dress,
Could you not think
Of God the while?

No Fear

Oh, help me keep
Thine image clear;
To know the Truth,
To have no fear.

Your Happy Way

Keep Me Simple

Oh, Keep me simple, Lord,
I pray,
Make me of use to Thee,
each day.

Child's Morning Prayer

Now I wake to the bright sunlight,
'Twas God who kept me through the night;
If I let Him guide me the whole day through,
He will bless with success what e'er I do.

Hymn

Oh blessèd promise Love hath wrought,
No evil can pollute our thought;
Oh thrice blest vow to Abram's seed,
That Love Divine shall meet each need.
It always has and always will
Supply all good—if we "be still,"
And *know* that God is infinite,
But "know" we must, if we be right.

Your Happy Way

'Tis not enough—just to believe
God good, but goodness to achieve;
If God's with us, what care we then?
All good is ours. Amen! Amen!
Oh! Shout ye angels, "God's with us,"
"Immanuel—or God with us."
And sin and death are vanquished when
God *is* with us! Amen! Amen!

His Hand

Hold fast to His hand,
Draw it ever to you;
Though the nails that pierced His
Pierce thine own through and through.

To Him That Overcometh

To him that overcometh
Dominion shall be given.
He shall inherit all things
For which his heart hath striven,
If he but overcometh.

PART V

Lines for Occasions

The New Year

Raison D'Être

The influence of an unexpected greeting,
From absent almost forgotten friends,
Holds subtler power than one suspects
So small an act portends.

Your Happy Way

A New Year's Prophecy

I know
That all the new years
And the old
Shall hold for you
Bright cups of gold
Filled high with
Love and plenty.

For 'tis with years
As 'tis with you —
There is no old
There is no new —
Love is at sixty
As at twenty.

A New Year's Wish

May all your ships be freighted
With golden cargoes of cheer;
For that's what you give your fellows
With interest each day of the year.

Cheer All the Year

My thoughts are so full
Of the New Year cheer,
I must share it at once with you.

Your Happy Way

Just open the door of your heart, my dear:
Let it come and nestle there warm, all year—
For cheer .

Keeps the year
Always new.

Turning a New Leaf

If the leaf you turned, in fancy,
Seemed all blurred with failures, last year,
Don't wait for another twelve months
Nor blot it still more with a tear.
Keep turning, turning and turning
Until you have one clean white page—
Then work straight ahead without fearing
For time has no limit nor age.

A New Rule for a New Year

The way to make a New Year happy,
Is to have the old year always true;
Just wish for the other fellow
What you'd like to have him wish for you.

Kindness

All your years will be gay and happy,
Since there are no old years to end;
You will have all that is best and brightest,
For Love is your guide, my friend.

Your Happy Way

A New Year's Greeting

Whilst I know great showers of blessings
Will make bright your onward way,
Yet it warms my heart to send you
My best wish this happy day.

All Year

My heart grows warm—with the New Year charm—
And I send you its brightest lay—
God bless you dear—through all the year—
Not alone on this happy day.

A New Year's Reverie

My thoughts turning backward, in fancy tonight,
The past years glide by in review;
I find those most brilliant with sunshine and light,
Are gilded by mem'ries of you.

The Song of the Minstrel

The minstrel has come again out of the past:
Hark, how his clear harp rings!
The theme of his serenade from first to last
Is told in the song he sings!

Your Happy Way

May your New Year be happy long after it's old
Till the yuletide comes next year
May your every thought be of purest gold;
Sparkling with jewels of cheer.

Cheer is his minstrelsy with joy and with mirth.
The motif is now, as then;
The burden of his song is Peace on Earth
Peace and good will to men.

*May your New Year be happy long after it's old
Till the yule tide comes next year
May your every thought be of purest gold;
Sparkling with jewels of cheer.

* Refrain.

PART VI

St. Valentine's Day

'Tis said that this old saint was but a sorry wag,
And that with billet doux, each day, his wife he'd
nag.

Your Happy Way

A Daily Wish

I would not have you other than you are—
Impossible 'twould be to sweeter grow;
No better wish can I express for you,
Than to repeat my prayer—God keep you so.

Will You Remember?

I little care how rare is June,
How dread the bleak December;
All days, to me, are bright and fair,
If only you remember.

I'm Thinking of You

When e'er you read these lines of mine,
It matters not what hour—what day;
You'll know someone—of you—somehow—
Thinks often—somewhere—far away.

Love's Message

Distance and space I'd count as naught,
Years would seem short when we're apart
Could I but know between these lines,
You'd find the message from my heart.

Your Happy Way

A Valentine

If I wrote every time I thought of you,
I'd be writing each hour the whole year through;
But better than letters or gifts, my friend,
Are the golden thoughts that are never penned.

A Valentine

All day, in fancy, you've been near me,
I felt your strong hand touching mine;
Your name, I found, I oft repeated,
And that is why I send this line.
I wonder will you find my message,
Pressed close between each word that I send;
Find here in place of useless wishes,
Things that endure from the heart of a friend.

To My Valentine

Had I the stars of the morning for gems in a diadem,
Could I catch a cloud at my bidding or gather the
rainbow's hue;
I'd give them all with their settings rare,
For one heavenly smile from you.

Your Happy Way

A Drop of Ink

What worlds of thought,
What sense of gain,
Can flash along
Life's golden chain
When love is there.

If distance, then
Keeps us apart,
Love's strand can reach
From heart to heart—
Oh, anywhere!

'Twill carry safe
On cable bright—
A bit of ink,
A thought I write—
With tender care.

Then reach far out
Along each link,
And find the love
This drop of ink
To you lays bare.

It seems to be
So small a thing—
A drop of ink—
Yet it can bring
Me where you are.

Your Happy Way

Tell Me True

Tell me, dear one, tell me true, —
I'll guard the secret with loving care: —
How did the angels know 'twas you,
When they filled your heart with love so rare?

A Heart

Something went out of my life today,
Something subtle — what can it be?
Like the lilt of a laugh, or the sun's bright ray,
Or the scent of the rose that recalls you to me.
You stopped long enough to steal off my heart;
Did you take it forever or only for play?
If you feel how it weighs when we are apart,
You will bring it back safe to me some day.

A Lost Heart

Oh woe—oh wee
How can it be
My heart has gone
Outside of me.

A lassie fair
With curlie hair
Snatched it away
The other day.

Your Happy Way

Alack—: alas
To have it pass
I do not care
I want that lass.

A Valentine

If I could with these flowers go and rest near thee,
I'd never fade, but live forever with thy smile for
sunshine and thy frown for shade.

A Love Song

Here is the old, old story, dear,
You've heard it oft from me;
But now I call it all the way
To you, across the sea.

* * * * *

I can love you, dear, in English, or
Italian, French or Greek;
You are my heart's ideal, dear.
Your love is all I seek.

Oh! Love me then in any way,
Love me in any tongue.
Else in my heart no music, dear,
Will evermore be sung.

Your Happy Way

To love you is my keenest joy,
It makes me brave and true.
I love all things the better, dear,
For having thus loved you.

PART VII

Easter

To some it signifies a bonny bonnet—
To others—flowers and Spring;
To those from whose sad heart a weight is lifted,
It means a holier thing.

Your Happy Way

Easter Fulfillment

I know there's naught but radiant Light,
So ope thy heart to it—ope wide—
It gladness brings—like violets—
To thee, my friend, this Eastertide.

A Joyful Fact

The Stone of Materiality
Is fast being rolled away;
The Dawn of Spirituality
Ushers in this Easter Day.

Easter Day

This is The Glorious Day of all Days,
When Truth proves His power to save;
And bids us arise above the belief
In death and hell and the grave.

Blossoms

He is risen! Truth is risen!
The stone has been rolled away,
And Christ is revealed in each blossom,
Where once we saw only the clay.

Your Happy Way

Each bud is a living tribute
To God, who doeth all things well.
He made each flower in the garden,
And all have His praises to tell.

And the buds and the leaves and the blossoms,
And the blades of grass in the sod,
Proclaim: — “We are not of earth, earthy,
For we are the smiles of our God.”

Easter Lilies

Easter Lilies, so fresh and fair,
You are the emblems of Love Divine;
Symbols of Life and comfort and hope,
Truth shines out from your petals white;
All that is mighty and pure and true
Rises today in every land.
All the dark shadows from death are torn,
Beautiful blossoms, this Easter morn.

Flowers

Instead of a flower that fadeth,
Undying thoughts I send,
To bear the precious tidings
Of a risen Saviour and Friend.

Your Happy Way

Truth Triumphant

It took centuries of prophecy,
And a King in a manger born,
To wake a world that slumbered
To greet an Easter morn.
It took a crown of sorrows,
A cross, a Calvary,
To form the shadow background
For that reality.
The light of Truth Triumphant,
The splendor of its ray,
The transcendental grandeur
That makes an Easter Day.

Risen This Easter Day

You shared my joy when the King was born,
And we named it the Christ-Thought Day;
You followed close when my feet were torn,
On the straight and rugged way.
You shared with me my failures, friend,
Now sing your gladdest lay;
For my King was dead, the whole world said,—
But He's risen this Easter day.
He will live in our hearts through eternity,
He will lift our cares away;
E'en though we fall, He will hear, *if* we call,
For He's risen this Easter day.

PART VIII

Birthdays

“A day is as a thousand years,”
And a thousand years but a day;
Then why count time by days or years,
When 'tis thoughts that pave life's way?

Your Happy Way

The Day You Came to Earth

On this one day of the year,
On this blessed morning clear,
 Camest thou to earth!
Naught but blue was in the skies,
Naught but love was in thy eyes,
 Oh, that blessed birth!

Transient are the joys of living,
Save in love like I am giving,
 With my life to thee—
Whilst the heavens and earth remaineth,
Whilst my heart thy love retaineth,
 Will I love but thee!

The Real Birthday

Each day is a fresh beginning
Each year but a step on the way
That leads to the never ending,
And always begun birthday.

May the law of the everlasting
The unchanging, eternal youth,
Be the law of all your birthdays
Be a day for the birth of truth.

Your Happy Way

Youth

Another mile-stone marks your road,
And brave on its face is writ this truth;
Time has no power to stop your march
On the way to immortal youth.

Law

“You are a law unto yourself,”
And birthdays count for naught,
Unless each mile-stone’s mortised in
Securely by right thought.

Joy

There is never a wish expressed for you
There is never a thought I send
That does not carry some good to you,
Or bring you great joy, my friend.

Lines To Send With Birthday Gifts or Flowers

’Twas but an empty sordid thing—
This world I traveled through;
Until the blessed day of all days,
When God just sent me—YOU!

Your Happy Way

Between these petals of these flowers, my friend,
Oh find the fragrance of the thought I send!

Did you ever find a "mile-stone?"
Did you ever see a "year?"
Then you're just as young as ever,
Let me whisper in your ear.
For 'tis not the miles nor moments,
That make smooth or rough life's way;
It is smiles and love and such things,
That make life one gala day.

An Acknowledgment

The thoughts you sent the other day,
I've tucked away within my heart;
I'll take them out along life's way,
And read them—dear,—when we're apart.

Life's Dial

Would you count your days
By your heart throbs true?
Count the years that pass
By the deeds you do.

Would you live the most
By the bravest test?
Then count by the thoughts
That are noblest—best.

Your Happy Way

On life's dial clear
Let each figure be
Expressed by the acts
That are fair to see.

Your Millennium

There are no metes and bounds to time,
There is no vast forever yet to come;
Eternity, not time is now,
To-day is your millennium.

Kismet

Your kismet reads
Like a magic tale,
Your bark sails safe —
You have naught to fear.
You'll have wisdom and strength
For each day's cruise,
And a Master-Helmsman
That is always near.

For All Time

May every day
In every year
Be crowded full
Of love and cheer
For thee and thine,
Dear friend of mine

PART IX

Yule-tide

The Yule-tide's close upon us; we must ourselves
bestir and send
Some word of timely greeting to each friend.

Your Happy Way

The King's Birthday

Every day is a King's Birthday
When Love is born.
And best of all along life's way
The King comes in to rest and stay,
When Love is born,
When Love is born.

We must not sigh nor question why
When Love is born —
So small a part to us is given ;
Love is enough! For that is Heaven!
When Love is born,
When Love is born.

Ring out, O bells! 'T is Christmas Day
In one glad heart;
For the Christ-child comes adown this way,
And when e'er He comes, 't is a King's Birthday,
For Love is born,
For Love is born.

The True Greeting

Far more than the words, "Merry Christmas"
You'll find hidden within this short line.
For 'twas Love that prompted the sending
Of this message to you — friend of mine.

Your Happy Way

When Twilight Falls

As the twilight fades at evening
And the cares of day are done,
Then I think of friends and name them, —
In the silence, — one by one.
Then again at day's beginning,
Do I think of each in this way,
And the love I thus have garnered
I send on Christmas Day.

Your Right

The wish I send on Christmas Day
Was yours before, is yours always.

Not for One Day Alone

'Tis not for one day only
I send you greetings dear —
May every day mean Christmas
Through all the soul-filled year.

With a Christmas Book

(With apologies to Owen Meredith)

A Christmas might be Christmas
Without a thing to cook,
But, oh, the joyless Christmas
Without, at least, one book.

Your Happy Way

Christmas Love Not Gifts

Thou canst read, by searching thine own heart,
How deep in the depths of mine,
Have been stored all the thoughts of kindness,
That came from the depths of thine.

A Christmas Letter

This Christmas eve by firelight's glow,
When all within is warm and sweet;
I've tried to write a Christmas letter
Worthy such a friend as you to greet.
But no words could ever carry,
All that is in my heart for you;
So I opened wide my casement,
And far away where snow and stars are meeting,
I heard the Christmas bells peal true;
And I know they'll bring to you my greeting
And say: Good bless you, friend, this Christmas Day.

Chimes

Ring, ring, glad bells,
Ring, ring again;
The Christ-child comes
To free from pain.
He comes for all —
Not for the few.
Ring out the old —
Ring in the new.

Your Happy Way

Joy Bells

I can hear the joy bells ringing
 Out your way,
I can feel your heart a-singing
 As in May;
Because I know you hear,
The Christ-Child is more dear,
And the meaning grows more clear
 Of Christmas Day.

Spirit of Christmas

May the spirit of Christmas reign in your heart,
 As your thought makes it ring in mine;
For 'tis joy to know, — though we are apart,
 That the songs in your heart — sing in mine.

Wings of the Morning

Had I the wings of the morning
 Could I prove the power that is mine;
What could I wish for thee better
 Than that which already is thine?
Thy birthright is love, life, plenty!
 May the Truth which shall guide thee alway,
Be born in thy heart for a Bethlehem
 Anew on this bright Christmas Day.

Your Happy Way

Always the Same

Led by a star the Magi found
Truth in a manger might be born ;
Love lights the way, today, as then,
And heralds in each Christmas Morn.

Friendly Greetings

Every friendly greeting,
Every kindly word
Life's amenities make sweeter
If they're only heard.
This is why I stretch my hand
Across the Yuletide snow,
To clasp your own, in fancy
That I'm thinking, you may know.

Your Heritage

What is this Truth that's born today?
It is the life link that will bring
All who have knowledge of this birth,
Into a Knighthood of the King,
God's remedy for everything.

Your Happy Way

Your Gift to Me

When I pause to count my blessings,
In the waning of the year,
And pile the Yule logs higher,
Or brush back the thankful tear —
I find the best that's come to me,
Of all life holds most true,
Is the sweet enduring confidence
That God smiles at me through you.

The Temple

My king lives in a castle fair,
Not a tawdry structure of wishes bare,
But a beautiful mansion of thoughts all-true,
I am sending the best of them straight to you,
For I dwell in that palace of knowing.

Allegiance

Blest Christmas morn I hail thy light;
Long in the dark I've groped my way;
Dear Babe that's born within my heart,
I pledge thee faith this Christmas Day.

Best for Thee

All that is tender and pure and fair,
All that makes happy and free from care;
All that brings gladness and peace and rest,
Be thine, with all that for thee is best.

Your Happy Way

So I Am Content

My friend:

This Christmas eve I tried to write
A greeting full of love and light;
One that would cause your heart to glow,
With kind thoughts I'd have you know.
But soon I threw the helpless pen away,
Content to know God blesses you each day.

Pure Gold

I have a beauteous gift for you,
'Tis such a subtle thing,
I open wide the casement of my heart,
And it takes wing and flies across the miles to you;
'Tis a Christmas thought all golden through.

Always Near

Thou art not far, dear absent friend,
For the Christ is born today;
If we dwell with Him in the realms of thought,
It will keep us near alway.
For naught can sever our paths, my friend,
If, in His clasp divine,
He tenderly holds, on this Christmas morn,
Thine own dear hand and mine.

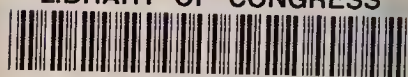
Your Happy Way

Cheer

Here's to my stranger,
And here's to my friend,
Here's to the unknown and the dear :
Who ever you are,
Where ever you are,
Here's my message of Christmas cheer.

That you're not forgot,
I'll give you my word,
And I'm sending it now without fear ;
For no word returns void,
Be it printed or thought,
That is sent out, like this, full of cheer.

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